## HANGED BEFORE 5,000.

Ripley Took a Holiday to See John F. Morgan Die.

## FOUR COUNTIES HELPED IT.

## Fakirs' Cries Drown Songs and Prayers of the Condemned.

e West Virginians Came on Herseback, in Vagona and on Foot to See the Show-Same bration the Night Before-Punch and Judy Show and Twanging Banjos at the Jall When Mergan Sang Hymns-A Feud Crops of Town-Farmers with Their Families and Woman with Their Babies Enjoyed the Spectacle-It Was Fun for All but Morgan.

"W-e-l-l, w-e-l-l, the world is shet of John F. Morgan, I reckon.

That's the way they say it in Jackson county, W. Va. THE SUN told briefly on Friday how the world became "shet" of Mr. Morgan by legal execution in the presence of 5,000 of the good people of the surrounding country gathered in a ten-acre lot-5,000 people, on foot, on horseback, in wagons, up trees, and on fences. me of them had started from their homes two whole days before. From as far away as Calhoun, two counties distant; from the upper edge of Meigs county in Ohio, from Mason and Kanawha and Wood counties, from sixty miles in every direction, those people had come to the shettin' out" of John F. Morgan.

Jackson county, in West Virginia, is not a county where great events happen frequently. Her people are ordinarily law abiding, save, perhaps, in the matter of distilling moonshine and as anybody down there will admit, it's "no harm to beat the Government out'n a revenue" now and then. Once a year in the town of Ripley, or Jackson Court House, there is a county fair. This fair is the only even that ever draws a crowd to the county seathence the event of Thursday, when John F. Morgan was "shet out," was compared in every man's mind with the fair, and every man

"Well, now, I reckon, they ain't no two county fairs has ever drawed like this ere

Ripley, or Jackson Court House, as it used to be called and is now known to the Post Office authorities, is a little town of about 500 inhabitants. It is about thirteen miles back from the Ohio River, is that far off from the regular line of travel, and the nearest town of any size is Parkersburg, some sixty-five miles away. It is reached by a branch of the Ohio River Railroad known as the Mill Creek and Ripley branch, which railroad is referred to out there as resembling a plug of dog-leg tobacco, dog-leg being the crookedest kind of plug known. While the road is only thirteen miles long, it takes any where from an hour to three hours for the sin gle passenger train to go the distance. In West Virginia all hangings are public, and they are not infrequent. But Jackson county has been a pretty law-abjoing county, and up to Thursday, when John F. Morgen was "shet out," there had been but one hanging in the whole history of the county, and that one was forty-seven years ago. Naturally Thursday's event was extraordinary.

Morgan was a shiftless sort of character who had been born in the county and was known to in front of him, loaded down with imitation Morgan was a shiftless sort of character who everybody. His father was a murderer before him, and escaped hapging only because he took refuge in a tree and the only way to get at him imagine them all yelling at once, or siging or was to shoot him. Morgan was barmless, or at shouting, and punctuate that part of the turleast had always been harmless, as well as shiftless. For five years he had been with a family the head of which was Mrs. Chloe Greene. Two daughters and a son made up the rest of the family. On the night of Nov. 3 last Morgan, who it was known was in need of money, went to the Greene house, slept that night with the son, and in the morning went out with the boy to feed the hogs. At the pen he picked up a hatchet, and with it killed the boy. Then he went into the house holding the hatchet behind him, waited around the kitchen until the youngest daughter's back was turned, when he struck eeding to the dining crept upon the other sister, killed her with a couple of blows of the hatchet, and finally battered in the door of the bedroom where the mother was dressing and struck her dead.

It happened that the blow he had struck the youngest daughter was not fatal, and after she had fallen and while he was killing her mother and sister, this other girl got up, flod from the house to a neighbor's, and gave the alarm. Morgan escaped, but was captured about 3 o'clock that afternoon and was taken to jail in Ripley. He was indicted the following day. He was tried and convicted the day after that. His defence was insanity. He alleged that he had been driven to do the deed by an irresistible impulse and his wife and other people told of his queer actions for years past. His defence did not avail him. It is well that it did not, because the people of Ripley were up in arms, and if he had not been convicted he would have been lynched without any question, because the mob gathered in the courtroom were in no mood for trifling and they were all neighbors and friends of the Greene family, especially the girls, who were good-looking young women and popular

THE SCENE. The day after his conviction Morgan was sentenced to be hanged on Thursday of last week. That is a little more than a month from the day he committed his crime. Further and very great interest was aroused in his case all over the State of West Virginia by continued sensational developments. Morgan acquired s habit of confessing. Within a month he confessed no fewer than seven times. Each confess on was different from every other one in so far as the motives were concerned, but each, save the last, admitted the killing, and the last one, which was made last Sunday, named an accomplice in the person of one Anderson, who, Morgan said, had been induced to kill the family by the younger daughter, who was it love with him (Morgan) and wanted to get the property so that she might live with him without working the rest of her life. In addition to these confessions, Morgan added largely to the interest in his case by fixing up a dummy in his cell a couple of weeks ago and walking out of the county jail. He was away only two days, however, and when he was captured he said he was on his way back.

He still further added to the interest in his case by repeated onths that he would never hang, and particularly he would not hang on the day that Judge Blizzard had declared he should hang. Sheriff Shinn of Jackson county swore with the same positiveness and as repeatedly that Morgan should pay the penalty of his crime in the presence of the biggest crowd that had ever gathered to witness a public hangin r in the State of West Virginia. And to make his word good and in or ler that everybody who came should see the whole affair, the Sheriff accepted the use of a ten-sere lot on the side of the hill a mile from the village. The lot was a natural theatre. In the centre of it was an Indian mound that rose perhaps 25 or 30 feet above the surrounding land. On the very top of this land the Sheriff built himself the gallows and invited the populace to gather. It was in response to this invitation of the Sheriff that the populace

Wednesday afternoon the people began coming in. West Virginia roads are rough. At this secson of the year they are muddy, and the only way to travel over them is on horseback. Every road that led into the town of Ripley by 6 o'clock on Wednesday evening was full of horsemen and horsewomen. Here and there was a great farm wagon loaded with one, two, or parhaps three families. There was not room in the town of Ripley for the people to find lodg-

public square and in the fields surrounding the

As stated before, some of them had started two days in advance in order to see the show. All Wednesday night they kept coming. The little train on the Mill Creek and Ripley Railroad which arrived at 7 o'clock that night brought with it the greatest load of passengers it had ever carried. They were packed in box cars, on coal cars, on the engine, and the single passenger car was jammed to the point of suffocation.

THE CROWD IN RIPLEY. It was a jolly night in Ripley. A theatrical troupe consisting of two men and a woman had come to town in anticipation of the great crowd, and hired the only hall there to give a the-atrical performance, and a theatrical performance in Ripley is even rarer than a county fair. These theatrical people aimed that their play should be a sort of forernauer of the great event to come the next day. So they had it full of killing, and they wound up by hanging a man on the stage, to the unquestionable delight of every one who could get in the hall, including the Sheriff. After the play the hilarity continued, Ripley is a temperance town. It is against the law to sell any liquor there, but there isn't any Ripley where a crowd was gathered together was the five-gallon jug. When morning came Ripley had a head on. Daylight showed the town jammed full of people, and more coming from every direction every minute. Hundreds had camped in the ten-acre lot near the scaffold.

Let the reader imagine a town built around public square covering pathaps five acres. In the middle of this square is a brick building two stories high, seventy five feet deep, and fifty feet wide. Fill the square with people on foot,

with men and women and children in every im-

aginable kind of country vehicle, and with men

and women on horseback, some of the women

with bables in their arms; put here and there in

silverware, gold watch chains, diamonds, and

moil with the 'oud shricks of a hundred or more

youthful fakirs on foot, each with a bundle of

printed matter in his arms, and each shout-ing, "Last and only true confession of John F.

every conceivable kind of spurious jewelry-

ple if it weren't for the fact that I heard tell this morning that some of this feller's friends got out of town on an early train, and they're goin' to try to get the Governor to interfere. Now you know we ain't got any telegraph, and our telegraph despatches they come by train, and it there is any telegraph despatches they come by train, and it there is any telegraph despatches comin' they might come on that 12:40 train. So I am going to have this thing over before high noon. I won't stand any interference."

won't stand any interference."

A HANGING A CERTAINTY.

To a SUN reader it might seem that this was rather bloodthirety talk, but it was explained fully by one of the Sheriff's deputies, who said:

"Now, I'll tell ye. This 'ere crowd came to see a hanging. Some of 'em started as much as sixty hours ago, and they travelled as much as a hundred miles to see a hanging. Do you see a hanging. Do you see a hanging and they their fun spiled, and—and—and—well, I'll tell ye, there a going to be a hanging anyway, and the Sheriff he'd ruther have it done regular than to wait and take chances—well, as I say, there's going to be a hanging anyway—you understand?

Of course, that was lucid enough for anybody to understand. But to go back to the takirs again, Their shouting was louder; they worked the crowd more successfully hour by hour; they sang more ribaid songs, more banlos came, and a stray hand organ wandered in and took a place right by the Court House. While it played a waits the trembling voice on the inside could be heard singing plaintively:

The matak a of my life hese-been many, The sine of my heart have been more.

And it was followed this time by a heavier voice vised in mayore that was utaln't heard A HANGING A CERTAINTY.

But I'll knock at the open door.

And it was followed this time by a heavier voice, raised in prayer, that was plainly heard by those outside, a prayer pleading for mercy for this man, a prayer that was interrupted before it was half through, and was drowned by the renewal of the playing of the banjos and the singing of the negro.

It was a scene as strange as any ever witnessed. The attention of the crowd was divided between the jail and the takirs. When the voices of those inside were in the ascendant, the crowd would sway toward the jail and listen. When the songs of the fakirs on the outside were in the ascendant, the crowd would sway toward the song to the fakirs on the outside were in the ascendant, the crowd would sway back toward them. Such was the scene until 11 o'clock. At that hour there was a commotion around the door of the jail and the Sheriff,

of Morgan in his cell, accompanied by the heavier voices of the two preachers who were with him, could still be heard occasionally. After the Sherif's last announcement to the crowd he went to the cell himself and said:
"Morgan, you've got to be ready in twenty minutes."
"All right, sir," said Morgan, "I'll he ready."

went to the cell himself and said:
"Morgan, you've got to be ready in twenty minutes."
"All right, sir." said Morgan. "I'll be ready. I want to let these people baptize me first."
"Why, certainly," said the Sheriff, "anything that you like; and he retired.
A few moments later three wagons drove up to the side door of the jail. The first was a top surey. It stopped in front of the jail door. Behind it came an open box wagon without any soats, but with a black coffin in the middle of it. This was for the Sheriff's jury. The other man who had been hanged in Jackson county had been compelled to sit on his coffin on the way to the gallows, but the Sheriff said that he thought it was batter to put him in an easy spring wagon. The third wagon, like the second, was an open box wagon without seats. As these wagons drove up the fakirs for the first time lost their grip on the crowd. The 350 or 400 people rushed over and surrounded the wagons elosely. Those on horseback, of course, had the advantage. They drove right through the others until their horses' noses were in the wagons themselves.

In twenty minutes the door of the jail opened and the Sheriff appeared. Next to him, with his hands handcaffed in front, was Morgan. He was a little fellow, perhaps five feet four, cleanly shaved, and dressed in black from head to foot. He wore a standing collar and a black nextite. His suit was now, and, by the way, it was thofirst new suit he had ever had in his life. His shoes were now, too, and, in spile of his position, it was written on a hear's face, that he was proud of himself. Behind the Sheriff and Morgan came the two clergymen. These four got into the first wagon. Then the Sheriff and Morgan came the two clergymen. These four got into the first wagon. Then the Sheriff at was decided that it was more respectful to stand, even if it was at the risk of the neck of every man in the wagon, in the third wagon there were eighteen or twenty other persons who had received special pornission from the Sheriff to keep inside the barb

The second secon

CHEST BERN

the gallows surrounded by 5,000 people, there was a hubbub. Exclamations were heard of "Look at the crowd! It beats the county fair!" and." Say, maybe people don't come to a hanging!"

The crowd around the gallows caught sight of the procession at about the same moment and shouts could be heard from their direction. The people could all be seen to turn, and crane their necks to get a better view. Morgan stooped singing. The preachers stopped praying. The Sheriff edged over close to Morgan and got a grip on his arm. He wasn't taking any chances. Into the field role the Sheriff's carriage. Behind rumbled the open box wagons, and the jury, and the invited guests, and the coffin, and beside and all Paround them the crowd, now numbering perhaps 500, on foot and on horseback. The Sheriff's carriage drove right up to the edge of the crowd. A half-dozen deouty sheriffs, with revolvers strapped about their walsts, abouted "Make way." but their voices were drowned by the exclamations of the thousands and by the shouts of the fakirs, who bawled:

"Last and only true confession of John F. Morgan, the murderer. Here ye are." Or, "Fresh roasted peanuts, five cents a quart."

The gamblers cried: "It's all right, good people. It'il be half an hour before they shet' him off yet. Here's your fortune right here. Don't mind till you get him up there," and the like.

ONE PROUD WOMAN.

ONE PROUD WOMAN.

It was a difficult proceeding to force the Sheriff's carriage through the mob to the entrance at the barbed-wire fence. It was finally accomplished. The Sheriff stepped out. Morgan followed him, stepped in front of him, and calmly walked up the steps in full view of everybody. Behind him came came the two ministers. Then came the Sheriff and his deputy, and after them a young woman. She was a stenographer. She walked up the gallows steps and easted herself at the top to watch the proceedings, and cast on her were the envious eyes of every woman in the crowd. She was the stenographer who took the testimony at Morgan's trial, and the Sheriff had promised her that she should be the only woman permitted on the gallows.

It was a perfect day. The sun was shining brightly. It was warm. There wasn't a person in the crowd who didn't have a first-class viewpoint. As Morgan stepped beside the rope, the noose of which dangled on the floor of the gal-

Mixed up with all this hubbub of voices, too

MORGAN'S LAST SPEECH.

good!" Morgan went around the gallows shaking hands with everybody, including the young woman. Then he went back to the rope, and the Sheriff pointed out the exact spot be wanted him to stand on. While the Sheriff was adjusting the straps Morgan looked around, and as he recognized people he bowed to them and they shouted:

"Good-by, John, good-by,"
Mingled with their voices came the voices of
the fakirs: "Hot roasted peanuts. Five cents
a quart." "Slaughter of the Greene family fully
described." "Confessions of John Morgan."
Of those who yelled good-by, there was one
who shouted: "Good-by, John. That's from
your sister Ida."

"Yes, anybody that would kill a woman," supplemented another.
"Give us a look at him," shouted another.
"Ain't you going to take his hat off I"
Then they fell to laughing and joking with each other. The fakirs, who had never for a moment been silent, kept up their howling. For half an hour the body was permitted to hang, and everybody in the crowd stayed. Finally the Sheriff climbed up on the gallows and untied the rope from the beam. The body was taken down, and then for the first time the people started away. Teams were whipped up, each trying to get out into the roadway first, for the roads were narrow and it was imbossible for one team to pass another; hence everybody wanted to be first in line. Men who had been standing rushed to their horses and climbed up on them. Women who had been standing clambered up on theirs also, and everybody headed for the roadway at breakneck speed, laughing, swearing, jostling each other. The voices of the fakirs had lost their potency. Nothing would hold the crowd. They had seen the show, and wanted to get away.

Morgan's body was put into a coffin, lifted "Yes, anybody that would kill a woman."

their potency. Nothing would hold the crowd. They had seen the show, and wanted to get away.

Morgan's body was put into a coffin, lifted into the wagon, and taken back to Ripley, where it was locked up in a cell, not because there was any fear that he might come to life, but there had been reports that it might be stolen, and it was too far from his wife's house to deliver it before dark.

Perhaps a thousand of the crowd returned to Ripley, and spent three or four hours there getting rid of the rest of their money on the fakirs who had not gone out to the scaffold. The negro was still running the Punch and Judy show, varying it with his banjo and his song. The other fakirs were still shouting out their attractions, and they reaped the harvest. The stores did a good business as well as the fakirs. The crowd lingered. Those who could drash rum, and it was not until dark that those who had remained started on their long journey home, satisfied that the world was "shet" of John F. Morgan.

HANGING BY VITASCOPE.

The Meb at Liberty, Mo., Said to Have Bee Eggrd On by a Show Speculator.

LIBERTY, Mo., Dec. 18.-The execution yesterday of William Carr, who was hanged for nurdering his 3-year-old child, Belle, was made the occasion of a riot for the benefit of a vitascope agent. Carr confessed his guilt, and the story of the crime had aroused bitter passions throughout this region. Carr said that at the beheat of the girl's stepmother he had carried her from home to the Missouri River, tied her arms and limbs securely, corded a heavy stone to the little one's breast, and tossed her into the river. After his confession he pleaded for an early death.

As the drop fell the crowd of 800 people rushed forward calling, crying, shricking and laughing as the leaders surged under the gallows and

forward calling, crying, shricking and laughing as the leaders surged under the gallows and packed close around the body. It is said that all this was arranged beforehand by the vitascope agent. Drs. Hothwell and Fulton had been holding Carr's wrists to note the pulsations, but the mob shoved and jostled them away.

Only a par's of the rioting throng had passed inside the rude barricade surrounding the scaffold. Those on the outside became more violent. Cursing each other and those inside, they tried to force themselves up the gallows steps. Sheriff Jacob H. Hymer ordered them back. They yelled and booted at him. There were some girls and women in the crowd.

Sheriff Hymer was accombanied by a lawyer, who counselled him as to the legal formalities that should attend the execution. But when the mob battered against the impromptu barricade that had been erected around the gallows the Sheriff lost his self-possession and ceased to beed the attorney's advice. He leaped on a platform and repeatedly ordered the crowd back.

The mob, maddened by excitement, again attempted to break down the barricade. Sheriff Hymer excitedly warned the rioters against any further violence. Headed by Deputies John D. Thompson and Cave, the Sheriff's assistants rallied around him. The cetermined front presented by the Sheriff and his further knot of deputies awed the mob for a moment and it halted. Then suddenly the rioters sent up a mighty scream, and surging forward swept the Sheriff and his guards away, bursting down the frail barricade and streaming around the gallows. Much to the gratification and surprise of Sheriff Hymer little violence was offered to Carr's body, which remained suspended for twenty minutes after the mob had sated its curiosity. It finally dispersing without any additional trouble.

TO CELEBRATE CIVIC UNION.

The New York Journal Plausing a Bit Demonstration for Jan. 1.

The preparations which the New York Jour nal is making to celebrate the union of New York, Brooklyn, and the other boroughs which will form the Greater New York on the night hin. "In the line of the line of the fence of the line of Jan. 1 are now so far completed that a ger cra! outline of the scheme can be announced. It is proposed to centre all the ceremonics in front of the City Hall, and the buildings about City Hall square will be elaborately decorated and illuminated. It is expected that permis sion will be given by the Government to il-Mixed up with an this induced to the there were the whinnying of horses, the barking of dogs, and the baaing of a flock of sheep over in the next ifeld. As Morgan stood by the rope he bowed to all sides, turning completely around.

One of the ministers stepped beside him and, the little for twales solld minutes read. city will allow the illumination of the City Hall. In addition to the illumination of the buildings on Broadway and Nassau street, there will be on broadway and Nassau street, there will be tanterns hung about the City Hall Park. Three bands will be stationed in the park under the direction of Prof. Franciuli, lately of the Marine Band in Washington.

But the decorations described will be only incidental to the scene of most of the second. One of the ministers stepped beside and anopening the Bible, for twelve solid minutes read from it. His reading was punctuated by shouts of. "Hot reasted peanuts, 5 cents a bas!" and the like, It was also punctuated by the squalling of lifty or a hundred bables, who were suffering in the crowd, perhaps from cold and perhaps

the like. It was also punctiated by the squalling of lifty or a hundred babies, who were suffering in the crowd, perhaps from cold and perhaps from being squeezed nearly to death as they were held up by their mothers so that they might get a better view.

When the first minister finished the second one took his place, and for fifteen minutes he prayed. In his prayer he recited the crime of Morgan. Every minute or so he would exclaim:

"O. Lord! in another minute this poor sinner will be launched into eternity."

"This, O. Lord," he would say, "is a sad and mournful occasion. Thou art about to take one from our midet."

Then he would repeat over and over: "This man, convicted of a crime, is standing on the line of time and eternity. His immortal soul is about to enter the unseen world, where the years are as the sands of the sea, as the leaves on the trees." incidental to the scene of most of the evening celebration. This will be the plaza stretching across City Hail Park. A number of scarchlights will be thrown on that, making it so light that any person there can be distinctly seen from a distance. Across the plaza will march all the military companies, singing societies, the free companies, the masked clubs, and the other elements of the great procession which the Journal will gather together to celebrate the consolidation. consolidation.

The plan as at present outlined is to have the real celebration commence at the northwest

consolidation.

The plan'as at present outlined is to have the real celebration commence at the northwest corner of the park. The procession will then march down Broadway to the plaza across the plaza to Park row, then from Park row into Broadway, where it will be dispersed. It is expected that the Third avenue cable cars, as well as the street/cars that run down Brark row, will be stopped that night at the Brooklyn Bridge, so that the procession will not be interfered with. The line will form at some point on Broadway above Chambers street, but all the details of this arrangement will be left to the police. It is proposed to have representatives from every borough, and already enough societies have requested permission to take part in the celebration to insure thousands of persons in the procession. All will be reviewed by Mayor Strong and other prominent citizens from the steps of the City Hall.

There will be in addition to bleycle parades across the Plaza the singing of patriolic songs by various societies, and a carnival of maskers who are to be reviewed by a committee which will award to the societies wearing the most fantastic costumes valuable prizes. The military organizations which are to take part will represent all the nationalities in the city. There are to be Hungariam, Italian, German, French, Irish, and Scotch societies in national costume. Several of the city theatres have applied for permission to be represented in the parade by floats or groups of decorntive figures. One feature of the pageant will be a scries of floats representing Incidents in the bistory of New York and the boroughs which will become a part of the greater city on New Year's night.

The climax of the celebration will be shortly before undirient. Then the flag will be reside

MORGAN'S LAST SPEECH.

It is only necessary to say, regarding Morgan's nerve, that at the end of fifteen minutes he still had it with him. Once or twice during the prayer his knees were seen to shake, and each time it was commented on by the crowd. When the prayer was finally over the Sheriff steeped up to him and said:

"John, do you want to make a speech! I will give you ten minutes if you want to do it."

There were one or two exclamations from below of "Speech! Speech!"

Morgan shook his head at the Sheriff and said:
"I'd like to say a lot, but I can't."

"Ho troasted peanuts! Five cents a bag," shouted a fakir.

"Ho won't speech, but here's what he's got to say," shouted another.

Then a dozen or so in the crowd near the gallows hissed for silence as Morgan made his way to the edge, and, holding up his handcuffed hands, bowed and said:
"I-bid-fare-well-I-bid you-all-[choke]-good-by." Then he paused. Raising the handcuffed hands up and down he said, a choke between each word: "This ought to be a great warning to all young men."

Another pause, during which he swallowed hard and went on:
"God help and forbid any young man going and acting as I have done. Good-by-good-by."

There was silence save for the squalling of the babies and the whinnylas of the horses while this speech was being made. When it was over there were exclamations of "Good!"

Morgan went around the gallows shaking hoods with everybody, including the young

New York and the borongins which will be come a part of the greater city on New Year's night.

The climax of the celebration will be shortly before inlidingnt. Then the flag will be raised on the City Hall in Brooklyn, and a few moments afterward the flag will be raised on the City Hall in New York. A volley of guns will be ired from both ends of the Brooklyn lieldge; after that the flag will be dropped from the staff on the Brooklyn City Hall, and as 12 o'clock strikes the singing societies which are to take part in the ceremony; will sing partiolic songs on the plaza here. The societies that are anxious to take part in the ceremonies should write to the New York Journal during the coming week.

Yesterday a couple that is to be married on New Year's day sent in an application to be allowed to personify Brooklyn and New York and take part in the Journat's celebration. They were told that their case would receive attention.

BROOKLYN TO CELEBRATE.

A Committee of Fifteen Citizens to Becide When and How.

Wurster's office yesterday to decide whether the consolidation of the city with New York should be celebrated. J. S. T. Stranahan attended. Among the others present were Jus-tice Jesse Johnson, Health Commissioner Z.



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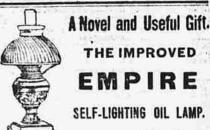
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TRIAL OF THE LASARS DELATED. they Are Accused of Smuggling In \$100,000 Worth of Diamonds.

United States Commissioner Shields adjourned the hearing yesterday in the case of Max J. Lasar and Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel J. Lasar, accused of participation in the smuggling of \$100,000 worth of diamonds into this city, until next Thursday afternoon, as Assistant United States District Attorney Hinman said that several of his witnesses had not arrived from Europe. Abraham Levy, for the accused, said that Mr. Hinman was seeking to gain time for the purpose of taking the case before the United States Grand Jury and securing Indictments over the Commissioner's head, and strenuously objected to any post-

"This course on the part of the District Attorney is neither just nor honorable," said Mr. Levy, "and I demand an immediate hearing in this case. The District Attorney's office is proceeding irregularly in this matter. Subpoenas have been sent out from it for wit-Subpoenas have been sent out from it for witnesses to appear before the Grand Jury and—"
"If ron will show me such a subpoena I will
go on with this case at once," Mr. Hinman interrupied.
"I have it at my office. I will send for it,"
replied Mr. Levy.
"I know all about that subpoena." Mr. Hinman retorted. "It is a subpoena for them to
testify generally."
Mr. Levy minimated that the subpoena had
been so prepared for the purpose of disguising
any irregularity that might have got the District Attorney's office into trouble. He said
he would consent to an adjournment if Mr.
Hinman would promise not to take the case mary examination. "I will make no bargains," Mr. Hinman de-

"I will make no bargains," Mr. Hinman declared.

"The hearing will be held on Thursday at 4, o'clock, and the Commissioner," and that settles it.

May Lacar, who is a diamond merchant at 24 Maiden lane, Emanuel J. Lasar, who owns a saloon at Greenwich and Chambers streets, and the wife of the latter were arrested on Dec. 3, the diamonds having been seized a day or two before at the Maiden Inne address. The accused pleaded not guilty, and were released under \$5,000 bail cach.

Breoklyn's Heid-Up Trolley Franchise to the

Argument was had in the United States Circuit Court in Brooklyn, before Judge Lacombe, yesterday, on the injunction proceedings restraining the Board of Aldermen from passing over Mayor Wurster's veto the resolution granting a franchise to the East River and Atlantic Ocean Hallroad Company, Mrs. Mary T. Sec. comb, who owns property on Hicks street and who lives in Connection, outsined the time porary injunction. Frederic R. Condert repre-sented Mrs. Seconds, while James C. Church represented the railroad company. Decision was reserved.

Nearer, by God. to Thee.

Nearer to Thec.

"Oh, he's a singin' for his precious soul," hawled the negro once. "He's a singin' for his precious soul, but I fell you, chind, he'd better make his peace with Satan, 'cause he's goin' to meet him in jos' about one minute—'Oh, Eliza Jane, what makes you look so plain, "and the crowd would shout and roar with laughter and again throw their money at him, forgetting temporarily the miser, she wretch in his cell.

Eight o'clook came—then nine. The crowd was greater. A wild rumor got sround that the Governor had decided to respite Morgan. Then there was real excitement. Men sathered to gether in groups. They looked ugly and they talked ugly. The women joined them, and they were ugly, too. The Sheriff was on hand, the Sheriff's lury was on hand, and all his deputies were around, and, while they did not display any gons, they were prepared for anything. The Sheriff was appealed to. He said:

"Boys, he'll hame. Now, don't you fear. When Owen Shinn gives his word, he'll hang."

To THE SUN reporter the Sheriff said:

"Now, I tell you, I was goin' to hold this thing off until the afternoon train got here. You see, thure is a train that comes in at 12:40 and there ain't any question but that it will bring a lot of poople that wants to see this hanging. Now, I'd hold her off all right to accommodate them peo-

"Ain't If' bawted back the negro, and he held the paper in his face and danced a jig on his box as he sang in a tantalizing manner, "Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun. There's a nigger up the tree and he won't come down." Oh, Eliza Jane, what makes you look so plain!" Then he went on with his song, swinging the banjo in the face of the prosecutor.

At intervals, when the noise died out a little, there could be heard coming from the jail a trembling voice, pitched in a high key, and two stronger voices singing:

My faith looks up to Thes,

Ny faith looks up to Thee,
Thou lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine.
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my airs away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

He wholly Taine.

For an instant the crowd would be hushed. Then would come the twanging of the negro's banjo and in a stentorian voice:

"A-lid c-o-o-n-s look alike to me," or the shouting of a rival fakir: "There was never such a bargain in your life, gentlemen. Never such a bargain in your life."

Again the negro's voice would be in the ascendant, and he would sing in a high-voiced tone "Climbing Up the Golden Stairs" or something else equally appropriate, and as it died away there would come again from the jail:

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee Fen though it be a cross that raiseth me, btill all my song sin i be Nearer, my God. to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

THE FARIRS AND THE HYMNS.

bareheaded and surrounded by half a dozen of his deputies, stood upon the topmost steps and addressed the crowd thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this hanging is about to come off. We'll start from this joil in a very few minutes, and if you want to get a good place to see you'd better go richt out there now. Don't want, cause those that get there first will get the best places, and I'll tell you now there's about two thousand out there. You better hurry up if you want to see,"

He went back into the jail with his deputies, and the greater part of the crowd swung down the street and out toward the gallows. Five hundred or more stayed right where they were, however, and the singing of the fakirs and the cries of the man who was to furnish the show were again intermingled.

Upon the second floor of the jail the Sheriff was practicing on one of his deputies with a rope. He had never langed a man before, and he wanted to be perfectly familiar with the crodit. He had a rope that had already taken four lives. He had the straps that had bound four other marderers when their lives were taken. These were the instruments that he was to use at the "shettin' out" of Morgan. Again and again he put this nose over the denuty's head and tightened it and loosened it, and tightened and loosened it, and the was such an expert that he could do the job quicker than it takes to tell it.

ABOUT THE GALLOWS.

ing, "Last and only true confession of John F. Morgan." "Here you are, only 5, 10, 15 cents, or 20 or 25 cents," as the case might be. The first confessions were the cheapest. The last ones cost a quarter. Just lay out this scene in your mind and you have a picture of the town of Ripley as viewed from the Court House steps at daylight on Thursday morning. The man who was to provide the day's plessure for this crowd was shivering in his cell, praying and singing alternately. At daylight the fakirs opened business, In front of the jail, within fifty feet of the cell where Morgan was confined, there was a ness. In front of the jail, within fifty feet of the cell where Morgan was confined, there was a Punch and Judy shew, run by a negro who wore diamonds as big as eggs. He had a banjo, too, and he was in the jewelry business.

"Ladies and gentlemen." he bawled after a song, "the old con has come to town, and see what he's got. Here's this beautiful little pocketbook worth twenty-five cents. We will put in this solid gold collar button. Then we will put in one pair of adjustable link cuff buttons. Here we have a magnificent rolled gold watch chain and here another for the ladies. Here we have a beautiful gold stick pin worth a dollar of any man's money, and we will cap it all with a keyring and let you have it all for twenty-five cents." ABOUT THE GALLOWS. Talk about business! Why, he could not fill

Talk about business! Why, he could not fill up those pocketbooks one-quarter fast enough. The people just flocked to him and threw their money at him, and he sang on and on.

Near him was a Hobrew with corn salve, and he gaves a dozen silver teaspoons and a box of corn salve tor 50 cents. They threw their money at him. Below him again was another Hebrew with a miscellaneous collection of knick-knacks that he sold anywhere from 1 cent to \$1. Those are just three of the fakirs who were within hearing distance of the cell where John F. Morgan was confined.

As the morning wore on the hilarity increased. Counter attractions came. The whole square was surrounded with them. There were some sober people in the town of Ripitey who didn't just exactly approve of the hilarity. One of them was the honorable prosecuting attorney. One after another he tackled the fakirs and denounced them. He came to the negro. He made a speech at him.

"Oh," he said, "I know you people. You come around here a-swindling us citizens. You're nothing but a buzzard preying upon the carcass of the public. I say you are a buzzard preying upon the carcass of the public. You the FARINS AND THE HYMNS.

head and tightened it and loosened it, and tightened and loosened it, until he was such an expert that he could do the job quicker than it takes to tell it.

Leave the jail now, with the Sheriff still practicing, Morgan atill singing hymns plaintively while the pracher prayed, and the fakirs hawling their songs, and go out to the gallows and look over the crowd there. The ten-acre lot was at the junction of the Ripley and Charleston turupikes. As stated before, the gallows was en an Indian mound. Around it had been built, ten feet distant from it, a heavy barbed-wire fence. Within this fence the jurors and newspaper reporters were to be admitted. The crowd must be kept without. At 11 o'clock there were not fewer than 4,000 persons gathered around the fence, pushing, hauling, laughing, shouting, and raising Cain generally. On the outskirts of the town there was the same sort of fakirs as about the jail in town, and in addition to them were some three-shell men and some monto men. Here and there you could bear the voice appealing. "Come you seven; come seven, come cleven, as some crap player yelled to hold his crowd.

The trees in the neigh them had been there all night, they for The men though from the barbed-wire fence with the propertor. The crowd stretched or galley and up again on all sides. It was unde up of probably two-thirds men and one-third women. There were hundreds who sat in their saddles, women as well as men, and some of these women carried their bables. Hundreds sat in the big farm wagons. There were families with eight or ninechildren in one wagon, children who ranged in age all the way from six months to sixteen or seventeen years. Along the fence on the other side three were 320 rigs of various descriptions; and scattered all over the field and the surrounding conintry and on the hills on either side overlooking the scene there were be actual count 250 saddle horses tied. Along the fence on the other side there were 320 rigs of various descriptions, and scattered all over the field and the sur

THE START PROM THE JAIL. In this great crowd the takirs worked without hindrance from anybody. They still worked when the procession started from the jail. To take up again the story of the scenes in and about the jail: About twenty minutes after the Sheriff had made his first speech to the crowd he came downstairs again. He said to The Sun he came downstairs again. He said to THE SUN reporter in explanation of the delay in starting: "You see these people around here! Well, it would never do to bring that fellow out of jail while they are here. I've got to get rid of this errowd."

while they are here. I've got to get rid of this crowd."
Then he turned to the crowd and said:
"Ladies and gentlemen, we are goin' to leave here in ten minute. Now, if you want to have a chance to rec this thing you d better get right out there, for we are goin' has."
Perhaps a hundred followed this advice. There were still 400 left, Sain Metiolire, the chief of the ury, also made a speech. He succeeded in driving away lifty more. But the fakirs kept up their singing, and they kept the rest of the crowd solid. The negro with his Panch and Judy show had the most of it. The tremulous voice

lows, there was a hubbub all over the crowd. Then there followed a moment of silence and then a hubbub again, led by the bawling fakirs. Some of them yelled: "Slaughter of the Greene family fully described." Others, "Morgan's picture, 10 cents, Your last chance. He'll never have another took." Others, "Here's his confession, 10 cents." And others, "Here's a full set of his confessions for a half a dollar." Then there were exclamations, such as "Don't he look pale! Ain't he got nerve! Ain't he a brute! The world ought to be 'ahet' of him." way! Make way! Make way!" and 150 or 175 horsemen rode out and made way for the horsemen rode Sheriff's wagon. THE PROCESSION TO THE GALLOWS.

Once out of the courtyard and into the street, the procession straightened out. It proceeded slowly because of the crowding and the jamming. Ahead of the Sheriff's wagon and surrounding it closely there were men and women afoot walking ankle deep in mid. They kept their eyes on the prisoner. Riding outside of them, along the edges of the road and behind them and beside the wayon containing the jury and the coffin and the invited guests were the horsewene and the horsewomen, riding recklessly, crushing against one another and in imminent danger every instant. Stretching out behind the procession were more horsewomen and more horsewomen and footmen and footwomen and boys and girls.

THE SCENE AT THE GALLOWS WHEN MORGAN SAID "GOOD-BY."

horsewomen and footmen and footwomen and bovs and girls.

It was a hilly road to the gallows. It was a terrible ride, particularly for the men in the open hox wagon who were standing up. The whole crowd was shouting. Everybody was on the tip edge of excitement. Everybody was in danger. Everybody was warning everybody else. Thus the procession moved. It had proceeded not more than a hundred feet when the clergyman beside Morgan began to pray sloud and he repeated over and over in a trembling voice:

Oh. Jesus save ma. "Hear 'im! Hear 'im!" shouted some in the rowd. "Look at 'im. Ain't he scared!"
The voice of one of the clergymen sang:

The Saviour comes and walks with me, and sweet communion here have we. Here Morgan joined in:

He gently leads me by the hand, For this is heaven's border land. Oh, Beulah land, sweet Beulah land, As on the highest mount I stand. This Morgan sang with vigor, and some of the rowd along the road joined in. His voice grew

I look away across the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me, And view the shining slory shore, My heaven, my home forevermore.

The matter of appropriateness in the selection of hymns did not seem to strike anybody. Morgan himself looked a bit startled when he finished. He looked at each of the ministers. One of them started singing: Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me rell,
While the to mpent still is high.
Hide me, ob, my Saviour, hile
Till the storm of life is past
Eafe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

"Oh, Lord, save me," cried Morgan, and then his cry was drowned by the frightened shouts of the footmen and the horsemen as a particu-larly ugly place on the roadway was approached.

A WEST VIRGINIA PEUD. A WEST VIRGINIA FEED.

Right here a West Virginia feud cropped out.
Sam McGuire spied right ahead of the jury, on
horseback, a patriarch with whiskers, carrying
a cane, who interfered with the team of the box
wagon. Sam looked at him, got red in the face,
grilted his teeth, and blurted out:

"You hoary headed old —, get out of the
way there! Fil-Hey, Pete, [to the driver] run
your pole into him! I say, run your pole into
him! The old —!"

The other jurymen tried to calm Sam.

your pole into him? I say, run your pole into him! The old —!"
The other jurymen tried to calm Sam.
"Now, old man, don't! don't!" they said. "Oh, don't! We know you are justified, but don't! Just remember the occasion!"
"Oh, the old —!" snorted Sam. "I ain't going to do anything, even if his son did cut my brother's throat seventeen years ago. That old —! Run into him there, I say! Run your pole into him! Let him pull a gun if he dares!"
"Now, Sam, Sam, for God's sake, don't. Sam.
Oh, Sam, don't have any scene here. Don't have any trouble now."
"I sain't looking for trouble, "said Sam. "Now, I ain't looking for trouble, but the old blankety-blank is the father of the man that killed my brother. All I want him to do is to keep out of my path. Don't let him come across me. It was seventeen years ago and I ain't met him since, but if I ever meet him there won't be any procession to his gallows. The old blankety-blank!"
"Oh, now, Sam, don't. Be calm, Sam, be calm. I don't blanke you any, but be caim."
"Run into him!" thundered Sam to the driver, "Run the pole through him! The old blankety-blank!"
Just at this point the patriarch's horse stum-

Just at this point the patriarch's horse stum-bled and fell down the hill, and the trouble with him was over. Things quieted for a moment. Then there was more shouting, more yells of warning, and then again the voices in the Sheriff's carriage, Morgan's in the ascendant. He sang: Travelling to the better land,

O'er the descri's scorching and Father, let me grasp thy hand. Lead me on! Lead me on! Out into the country the procession spread; the confusion now great and now little, with occasionally silence save for the horses feet and the rumbling of the wagons, and the hopping up and down of the coffin as the mud holes were struck. Now and again singing was heard, now and again cursing, as this horse or that horse slipped, or this rider or that rider was crushed against the sides of the wagon. The road to the gallows from the town winds around a bird, said the gallows became visible about one-quarter of a mile away. As the Sheriff's wagon wheeled around Morgan sang:

Oh, thick of the home over there.

Cb. thirk of the home over there, by the side of the river of life. Where the salute, at summertal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. And he followed it almost immediately with the song he had sung in the j. il: The mistakes of my life have been many, The sits of my h art have b en more, And I scarce can see for weeping. But I'll knock at the open door.

the people in the procession caught sight of

Of those who yelled good-by, there was one who shouted: "Good-by, John. That's from your sister Ida."

Of the detail of the hanging nothing need be said. As the moment for the springing of the lever came the crowd grew silent—all save the fakirs, who never ceased their yelling.

The man's neck was broken by the fall. There was silence for a moment after the fall, and then a babble of voices. There were shouts of: "I reckon you done well, Sheriff," and "It was a good job, Sheriff," and "The world is shet of him, Sheriff, and you done it, I reckon," Then there were queries: "Is he kicking! Is he dead!" Fifty residents of Brooklyn met in Mayor him, sheriff, and you done it, I reckon." Then there were queries: "Is he kicking? Is he dead?"

These inquiries were necessary because the crowd inside the fence had closed ranks around the gallows and the people outside could not see. The Sheriff saw the difficulty and shouted out:

"You boys stand back, there, Give everybody a show."

Then there were shouts of "Good for you, Sheriff; that's right."

THE END OF THE SHOW.

The boys did stand back and the crowd had a show. The babble continued. At the end of four or five minutes some friend of the dead man yelled.

"Say, you've let him hang there long enough. Take him down."

Another yelled: "Yes, don't let him hang all day."

Another yelled to the dectors: "Hey, Doc, Whun he gets dead tell us, will you!"

The dector turned around and said: "He's dead all right enough."

"He ought to have died five years ago."

Dawled back a voice.

Beiny in Extraditing the Produce Exchange

Thier.

Duncan R. Norvell, Chairman of the Produce Exchange Gratuity Fund, who went to Paris to masist in the extradition of W. R. Foster, the plunderer of the fund, arrived here yesterday on the Lucania. There was a change in the civil administration of Paris which delayed the extradition proceedings. Mr. Norvell said that Foster would be brought back to New York within a few weeks.

Hood's poet of life by their prompt, healthful action upon the stomach, kit revs. and towels. They actually make life worth living. 250,